

SUN

A baby carriage passes through my eyelids.
A man with a poodle walks through my eyelids.
Flock of trees becomes a snake bundle hissing
skywards. Stones mumble a speech.
Trees in green flames. Islands flee.
Swaying, clanging of shells and fish heads just
as on the ocean's floor.

My legs stretch to the horizon. A carriage
wobbles over them. My boots reach up like towers
from a city sinking off. I'm Goliath, the giant.
I eat goat cheese. I'm a mammoth calf. Green
caterpillars sniff at me. The grass throws its
green knives and bridges and rainbows across my belly.

My ears shine pink shells totally opened. My body swells
with noise trapped inside of me. I hear Pan's bleating.
I hear the sun's vermilion music which glows on the left.
Rags flash vermilion into the world's night.
When the sun falls down, it crushes church towers
and every front garden filled with crocus and hyacinths,
blaring like tin on toy trumpets.

There flings a counterwind though, one from violet
and yolk-yellow and bottle-green: swings which
suspend an orange fist on long threads,
a singing from birdthroats hopping branches.
Frail poles from toy flags.

Tomorrow they will load the sun on a large-wheeled cart
and drive it to Caspari's gallery: an animal-headed negro,
with swollen neck, bladder nose and a wide stride,
holds fifty bucking asses. These are harnessed to the cart
during pyramid construction.

A herd of bloodcolored men will clot up: wetnurses and
midwives, cripples in wheel chairs, one crane, two
St. Vitus dancers, a man with a silk tie and a red-scented
policeman.

I can't control my happiness. Crossbars in windows shatter.
A babysitter hangs down to her hips out a window.
I can't help it: cathedrals crumble with fugues from
organs. I'd like to build a new sun. I want to crash
two of them together like cymbals, then reach a hand
to my girl. Above the roofs of your bright-yellow city,
we would sail off in lavender scent like lampshades
from tissue paper sailing with the wind.

-- Hugo Ball (1914)

from the expresssionistic magazine, Die Aktion

-- translated by Reinhold Johannes Kaebitzsch

Crystal Lake, IL